

FROM HERE TO
INSANITY

APRIL 25

EXPOSED: Inside Miss America!

CRAZY, MAN, CRAZY



MELSA AXWELL THROWS A PARTY 12,000 happy, drunken sots lurch madly in a desperate effort to avoid the soul-consuming fury and flames at the lawn party of Madman Muldoon. The volcanic explosion, featuring real, honest to goodness lava, was flown, specially, from all four corners of the earth.



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PUTS YOU IN PLACE ONCE AND FOR ALL

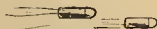
Plastifigure sheathes you in a coat of transparent, indestructible, unremovable, indissoluble, unbreakable plastic. Once you put it on, it's with you for eternity. Even the Atom Bomb can't remove it.



STRENGTHENS THE SKELETON

By preventing bones from growing, it forces them to get thicker. This makes you as indestructible as the plastifigure sheath.

The only abominable foundation garment you can wear over slacks, under raincoats, and instead of swimsuits and dresses too!



RIVET ATTACHED GARTERS

A full, professional riveting set is yours FREE with each purchase. Book of instructions \$100 net (in advance). By following the simple, easy to read instructions, you can yourself attach garters to the plastisheath with red hot rivets. The potent rivet can heat the rivets in only 14 minutes. Ordinary coke pellets can be used.



**MAIL
COUPON
TO-
DAY**

MONTGOMERY PURPLE COMPANY Az 4567B9
55 W. 21239 St., New York 11111, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Send Plastifigure on approval for 1 YEAR FREE TRIAL. I will deliver bond to postman. If unsatisfied with results, I'll be awfully sorry, but as I see it, there'll be no use complaining.

Head measure _____ Hip measure _____ Bust measure _____

Name _____

Address _____

Phone No. _____ Evenings Free _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Check here whether blond or brunetter. No redheads.



BANISH UGLY HOUSEHOLD ODORS FOREVERMORE!



SMELLZO

No more worries when you cook with garlic! New **SMELLZO** eliminates all odors.

Try this simple experiment: The **SMELLZO CO.** (Makers of **SMELLZO Candy**, to eliminate bad breath, and **SMELLZO Schmaltz Deodorant**, to eliminate underarms) will send you absolutely free a large-size pack of Wild Boars. Try these Wild Boars in your own livingroom: their mudsoaked skins and revolting stench are enough to drive you out of the house. Then try placing a can of **SMELLZO** in the middle of the room. What a difference! Even the Wild Boars will retch at the scent of **SMELLZO**. Yes, **SMELLZO** ends odor problems once and for all.



SMELLZO

Remember: Ask for **SMELLZO**: The smell that makes Wild Boars Run!

FROM HERE TO

INSANITY

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the one and only magazine that has between its covers, pages. We proudly present to our many readers the most flange-edged renegades, cross-hotched fiends, and wide-eyed legacies, known to mankind. Contains vitamin B1.

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BEHIND THE SCENES

Little do you know, gentle readers, just how many things have occurred since we last visited you through these columns. What an exciting day we had. First, young Tom Fielding, The night news Editor, stubbed his toe on a bookranch. It was horrible. He sobbed for over two full hours. It took the combined efforts of Lottie Lauring to bring a smile to his face again.

Then there was the office party. It started with a half bottle that Norton McMc, our fashion expert found in the bottom of his desk. We finished that off in a single slug. Case followed case. That's when we first got the idea of running all those telephone numbers on page 134. They're good ones. This month we're using the key letters AB. The numbers run from 0000 to 9999. Dial any of them. We are positive you'll get results.

Gerald the Office Boy's Aunt Mae showed up on Friday. Poor Gerald. He never saw her again. Master Meckonic Steve Steve took one look at her and carried her off to the galley.

One story we received in the Mail, deserves special mention. A forty page single-spaced typescript, it covered The Philosophic interpretation of Realism as seen by a counter-contrapuntalist. It was a wonderful experience to read it. If any of you dear readers have similar stories, please, oh please send them in. We're waiting!

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HI-FI DISCOVERY OF THE AGE

BIGGER THAN ANY

● At last it's here: The Biggest Hi-Fidelity Set ever! Complete with kitchen, bedroom, two playrooms and bath. Hear music as it should be heard! Only new "Live-In" Amphitone Ultra Spasmodic Ventilatiated Fidelity System with steam heat offers you the following innovations:



- A German made precision tweeter for high notes.
- A Swiss designed and manufactured woofer for low tones.

● A French constructed woofer camouflaged to look like an Italian style tweeter to catch the high notes that get away from the Swiss woofer.

● A new H-G needle balance to insure no-distortion play-backs.

● Radar controlled turntable which eliminates wobble.

● M-F Booster to restore high frequencies cut by Radar controlled turntable which eliminates wobble.

● B. F. R. Sprinkler System to control heat generated by new M-F Booster.

● AND a large and Intelligent German Shepherd Dog to protect you from Burglars.

No complicated feedback to contend with, no response characteristics to juggle. Just step into your new, fully furnished Hi-Fidelity set and make yourself at home. Yes, Mr. Hi-Fi Shopper, just look at those sonically engineered walls stretching to the binaural speaker ceiling, and you will know you have arrived. Then set your turnover unit, speed selector and treble-bass controls, adjust your amp, pre-amp, record arm and needle guard, and settle back for up to seven years of uninterrupted music!

JILTED JILL CLUB . . . WE WANT MEN

Are You Lonely?

Do you feel like

KILLING YOURSELF?

Don't Pull That Trigger

D O N ' T !

Your worries are over now forever.
Wherever you live, whatever your age,
Whether you're rich or as broke as
hell —

REMEMBER!!!

There's a frail for every male
There's a bail for any jail
Cheer up. We have the equipment.

YOU NAME YOUR OWN SIZE

We can produce a woman to fit any
specifications. Have you an extra pair
of 13 ZZZ shoes? We can fill them.
Have you a tarn Dishtowel?

We and we alone can give you a hand
to fit.

**WE ARE THE ORIGINATORS OF
THE FAMOUS HOW TO RUIN
YOUR LIFE MARRIAGE TEST.
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT?**

Now it depends on you. Write us a
confidential letter and send your secret
questionnaire to:

**THE SQUEALER
UNIVERSAL BROADCASTING COMPANY**
Broadcasting from the top of MOUNT EVEREST.

Draw a ring around Why or Maybe
I talk in my sleep
I eat with chopsticks
The Answer to Yes is No
DOWN WITH YALE
OMNIA GALLIA EST
IN TRES PARTES DIVISIT
Is that so

Why
Are You Crazy
Is that
New
New
Julius
Sure

Your Name _____ Age _____

Letters to the Editor

Senors:

I wonder if you could possibly do a favor for an aged, aged man. Sometime back, on a voyage to this wonderful country of yours, I accidentally became separated from my tour guide, a rather foolish young man called Christopher Columbus. Ever since that day in 1491, or was it 1494 (I forget the exact date), I have been searching and searching, so far, without result.

I still have my return ticket, but no one

seems to be willing to honor it. After reading some 11,932 different magazines, I have come to the conclusion that only an insane Editor can help me. What should I do.

Jopstick of Genoa
Able Seaman, 11th class

We agree. Columbus must have been crazy too. Imagine believing that you can prove the earth is round by cracking an egg.

Earthling:

I am a Martian. I came here in a flying saucer. Where can I buy a cup? It must fit. It should be 43 feet wide at the base, and be capable of holding 200,000 acre feet of coffee.

Clubfoot of Grghnm

Is that strong or weak coffee?

Lover:

You are my soulmate. Adore me, please. I am 37 years old, 5 feet, five inches tall, and as round as a baseball. Only in INSANITY do I see other men of my type. Believe me, I am

desperate. I need you. I want you. Come to me — soon, soon, soon. You can give me your answer by printing the word repulsive on page 100 of this issue. I'll be watching.

Grenda Groundhog

To find circumference of Grenda, multiply by 3.1417. REPULSIVE!

Sirs:

Enclosed find check to cover cost of a 44 year subscription. Why didn't I think of this before? By the way, what is the cost of a ten page ad? I will gladly send another check.

Frankie the Forger

Your check was a beautiful job. We loved it. It is better than a ping-pong ball. Whatta bounce.

You Louse:

What do you mean by saying things like that. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Naturally a reader will feel upset if you treat him the way I was treated. Wouldn't you?

Last May I met another fellow. He didn't

time for all good men to come to the aid of the party". Instead it works out as, "Censored Secrets of a Screen Siren; or, Love-Life of Lucia Luscious". Please make the proper correction. Where is my prize?

Slocum ben Ali
Bagdad on the Poltergeist
New Zealand 3, Yap.

Your prize is in the mail. We hope you enjoy it. Not every boy can say that he is the owner of a 1972 Cannibal tooth file.

Darling Editor:

I cried when I read your magazine. It was so touching, so sad. To think that people must suffer so. I think the hero was divine, but he never should have married that awful woman. He ought to have saved himself for me. And in your advice column... it's nice to know that you recommend plaid hair. What color dress should I wear with it?

Eleanora

Puce — with purple polka dots.

Dear Sirs:

I have made a remarkable discovery. The other night the picture on my television set disappeared from view. I was forlorn. I started

agree with me, but he did say that I should. So I did. Wouldn't you?

The next time you fail to deliver according to specifications, I'm going to refuse. If you don't like that, I don't care.

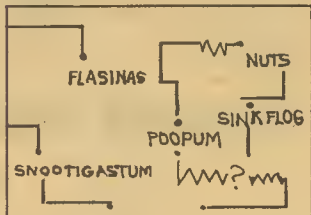
Don't think you can fool me either. I'm going to buy every issue of FROM HERE TO INSANITY I can find in order to check up.

Anonymous

ANONYMOUS — We're sorry!

Dear Sir or Madam as the case may be:

I am 5 years old. Last night I worked from dusk to dawn on your Cryptogrampus. There was an error. The answer is not "Now is the



to tinker. Imagine my surprise when after shifting a few wires, the picture appeared, bright as a pin within the frozen food compartment of my refrigerator. Now I am able to store my favorite scenes indefinitely. The advantage of frozen pictures is enormous.

See accompanying diagram I want to give my invention to the world.

Samuel Sponsor

Mr. Sponsor's program, The Sorrows of Sadie the Sad, appears daily from 9 A.M. to midnight, over Channels 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. Please tune in.

NOTE: Please address all mail to: Beauty Editor, FROM HERE TO INSANITY, Box 286, Jupiter. No one will get them that way, and we won't have to read them. We write all our own letters anyway, so why should we be bothered reading?



MEXIE PESTER and Melisa Axwell engage in duel in order to decide who is to inherit title of, "hostess with the mostess eruptions on the ball."

INSANITY COMES TO A POMPEII PARTY

Lava flows like wine at seasons erupting affair

Less than 12,000 frost encrusted members of the Social Register stood shivering last week, as Mondroke Muldoon, known to his intimates as the Mod Monster of the Mesobi, threw open the doors of his diomond-studded, solid platinum chateau.

This was to be one of the hottest parties ever given or conceived by those two, pixyish bon-vivants, Melso Axwell, and Merle Pester. A life-sized copy of Mt. Vesuvius had been erected on Muldoon's lawn.

As dozens of dozzling debutantes and drooling Don Juons watched, the buffet supper was cooked before their very eyes and noses, on the live steam that emanated

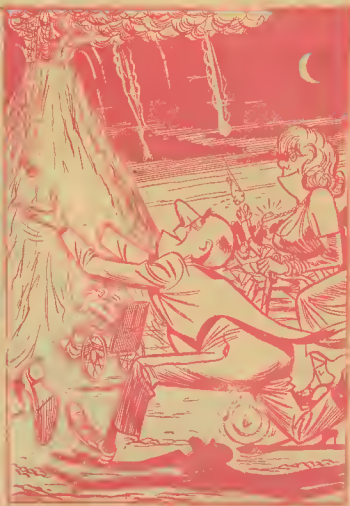
from the nearly 96,727 ft., 8.765 inch core, that had been drilled down of the earth.

At about 11:08 PM, Miserable Muldoon lept to the crater. He announced that the honor of setting off the eruption would be settled by open bidding. The atomic release was located deep within the cleavage of his delectable daughter. After forty-four minutes, it was decided that the auction had been won by L. Lowrence Lecher.

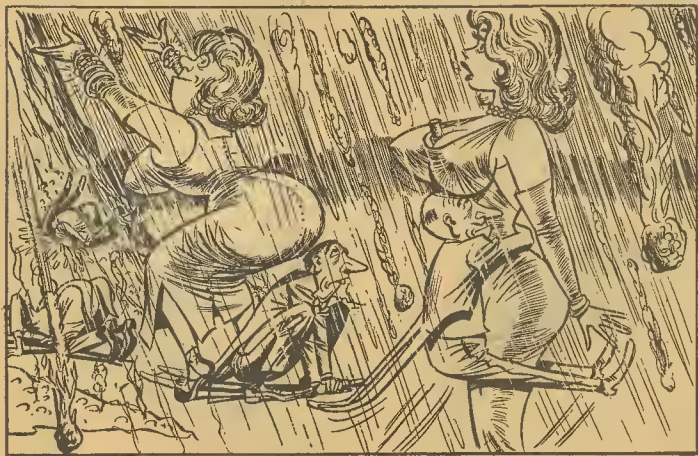
Exactly at the witching hour, the trap was sprung. As Lecher quivered in his death-throes, a silvery strand of hemp from the Muldoon girl's nightgown tight about his throat, the crowd burst forth in a drown out



L. LAWRENCE LECHER drools in lascivious expectation as he advances to the button.



AS A MODERN Vesuvius erupts, delighted guests rush forward to drink the hot rock.



AS THE HOT LAVA douses the upper crust exclusively, only guests who are fortunate enough to find a natural cover survive the threat of being turned into stone.



BERTHA BUSTOUT and pretty **Patty Popover** are caught in a tableau.

LOIS LEATHERTONSILS renders for the survivors top tune of the day, "Lava come back to me!"

cheer. Gobs of white hot lave gushed forth from the more than \$8,276,429.37 replica, spraying the super-social set with flowing destruction.

An American Pompeii stands gloriously on the lawns of the surfside manor overlooking glamorous Long Island Sound. Created to satisfy a whim, it was the scene of one of the seasons most exciting garden parties.

Now open to visitors daily (except Xmas, New Years and Easter Sunday), the average man may now view the horrors of nature run wild, for a modest \$2.65 (plus tax). No longer must we travel to foreign climes for culture. Now, right at home, we can see matrons turned to stone in the midst of frolic and play, smiling as they look out over the lovely patio.

MULDOON PROUDLY presents to the guests what promises to cause a revolution in social drinking, namely, Muldoon's Dry Lavatini, guaranteed to blow your top.



SALLY STINKWEED searches desperately for a husband. She carefully inspects statue after statue, in the vain and farlorn hope that at least one of them will be alive.



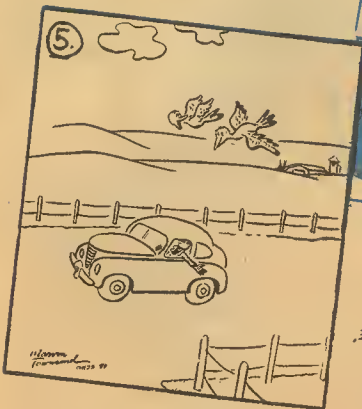
DO-IT-YOURSELF CARTOONS!

See if you can match up these jumbled captions with the right cartoons so they make sense. If they don't make sense, don't blame us. If you feel frustrated after a few hours of this, the correct captions are listed downside up as usual on the bottom of the next page.

1. "IT MUST BE A WOMAN - THE MOUTH IS STILL OPEN."
2. "NOW IT'S THE PEOPLE DOWNSTAIRS WHO WORRY"
3. "THE WAY THAT GUY SIGNALS, HE'S JUST ASKING FOR IT."
4. "WHICH REMINDS ME - WE HAVEN'T GONE TO SEE YOUR BROTHER LOUIE IN QUITE SOME TIME"
5. "IS IT MY FAULT BECAUSE THE LAUNDRY DIDN'T HAVE THEM BACK ON TIME?"
6. "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, RELAX!"



Do you want to become a gag man? Earn big money? Get lots of yoks? Well, here's gnus for you—just stick your finger down your throat and you'll be retched.



1. NOW IT'S THE PEOPLE DOWNSTAIRS WHO WORRY
2. FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, RELAX!
3. IS IT MY FAULT BECAUSE THE LANDLORD
4. DIDN'T HAVE THEM BACK ON TIME?
5. "IT MUST BE A WOMAN - THE MOUTH IS STILL OPEN."
6. "THE WAY THAT GUY SIGNALS. HE'S JUST
7. ASKING FOR IT."
8. WHICH REMINDS ME - WE HAVEN'T GONE TO
9. SEE YOUR BROTHER LOUIE IN QUITTE SOME TIME."

I WAS A SCHIZOID PSYCHOTIC

by **Zelda Selznick**

author of **I WAS A CRAZY DOPE FIEND, I WAS A CARELESS CALL GIRL, I WAS A CROOKED POLICEWOMAN, I WAS A DRUNKEN DRIVER, and I WAS A LOUSY STOOL PIGEON.**

Article Two of a Series

What has happened thus far: Zelda Selznick, beautiful platinum blonde secretary to Julius Papay, and one time dope fiend, cali girl, policewoman, drunken driver and stool pigeon, has lifted a diamond brooch from Tiffany's. In trying to discover her hidden motives for this act of criminality, she has visited several famous analysts who have failed to help her, and has now arrived at the office of Dr. Siegfried Lindhurst, prime expert analyst in the country.

● DR. LINDHURST'S office was a tasteful miracle of maroon and orange. Lying on his large and comfortable couch, Dr. Lindhurst was the picture of mid-European savoir faire. "I always lie on my couch," he said. "Besides, my last patient exhausted me." !

presumed him to mean the harried looking man who had left the room as I entered, and whom I had recognized at once as Thomas de Quincey, author of "I WAS AN OPIUM EATER." Something about the room made me feel at home immediately, yet there was



a repellent quality in the furnishing of the office, an element of danger that was ever-present. I turned, but too late: Dr. Lindhurst had pulled me to him and was smothering me with wet kisses. "Therapy," he murmured. "I am not a happy man." I pushed him back on the couch and curled up on the floor.

"Now," said Dr. Lindhurst from the couch, "why have you stolen this diamond brooch?"

"I don't know," I moaned. "I was hoping you could tell me."

"I have seen your records from Dr. Maltese, Dr. Smiley and Dr. Sliverpool. They confirm only what I suspected."

I waited for him to continue, as he wiped his glasses with the bottom of his long black tie. "Yes," he said, "you are a very interesting case. Are you prepared to go through with it?"

"Oh yes," I said. "Anything to rid me of this awful anxiety, this yearning burning churning deep in the hide of me —"

"Good," he said. "When you were eleven —"

"I remember!" I screamed, jumping to my feet. "My little sister had a tooth pulled and I had to wait outside the office and listen to her kick and scratch the dentist. There was a woman in the waiting room with me who shot herself in the head. She was wearing a diamond brooch. Do you suppose it has any real significance?"

"We are on the track," the good doctor

muttered, dropping his glasses and wiping large tears from his eyes. "Rarely do my cases progress with such ease. Now, this woman you mention: did she by any chance have a birthmark behind her right ear?"

"Now that you mention it, Doctor, she had. But how could you possibly know?"

"That was my mother, you idiot!" He was on his feet also, his eyes burning holes into my hair. "I know that face anywhere!" He grasped my shoulders. There was a horrible crunching sound as I stepped on his glasses, and then an awesome silence. The whole room was smoking from the holes his eyes burned into my hair, and coughing and choking, we stood there for a moment, until finally we broke loose from each other and I went for the fire extinguisher.

At last the office was returned to some sort of order, and my eyes travelled along the smouldering maroon and orange ruins. Dr. Lindhurst caught my eye and held it for a moment.

"Your case interests me highly," he said. "It has great possibilities. I feel it may be a new landmark in psycho-therapeutic treatment."

"I hope so," I said.

"You must tell me," he said, "exactly how you came to take the brooch."

"Well," I said, "I got up in the morning, brushed my teeth, washed, ate breakfast, did the dishes, grabbed my purse, and went to the





corner to wait for the bus. After a few moments I realized that I hadn't dressed, so I went back to the house, picked up my mail, (there was just a check; royalties from my article "I WAS A CARELESS CALL GIRL") and returned to wait for the bus. When it didn't come, I decided I might as well walk."

"I see. You decided to walk?"

"Yes. When the bus didn't come."

"You walked when the bus didn't come on time."

"That's right. The bus didn't come, so I walked."

"It didn't come, the bus?"

"No bus. I waited and waited till I thought I would go crazy, but the bus didn't come."

"And then —?"

"Then I walked."

"I see. It's very important to get these details correctly." He began writing furiously in a large black notebook.

"Go on," he said.

"I walked to my place of work on West 36th Street, and reported to my boss, Mr Popov"

"Your place of work?"

"Yes, the Franzblau Flour Corporation na

West 36th Street."

"Just a moment! Did you say the Franzblau Flour Corporation?"

"That's what I said."

"Makers of Franzblau Cake Flour and Franzblau's Quick Cake Mix?"

"Why yes."

"Distributors of Franzblau Jiffy-Pop Waffle Whip?"

"Yes, I —"

"Also Franzblau's Crispy Crust Pie Kit and Franzblau's French Fried Fritter Batter in the blue and white package with the picture of the smiling Franzblau cow?"

"Yes, yes, that's us!"

"Makers of Franzblau's Wonder-Fresh Sparkle Bread with the new toast flavor?"

"That's right."

"Affiliated with Yummy Oats, the dry drop cereal that melts in your mouth, and the quick-cooking flavor treat Cream of Yummy: the hot oat cereal that means less work for mummy?"

"Yes."

"Cream of Yummy. I eat it all the time!"

He began spooning great quantities of sticky cereal from his jacket pockets with cupped palms, while tears of joy rolled down his Yummy splattered cheeks.

"If I had known you worked for Franzblau Flour Corporation, makers of —"

"Doctor," I interrupted, fearing another torrent of Yummy worship, "let me help you." I handed him a towel and helped him wipe the spilled Cream of Yummy from his hands and clothing. He beamed at me with a smile that brought the roses to my cheeks, and re-seated himself on the couch.

"I reported to my boss, Mr. Popov —"

Dr. Lindhurst leaped to his feet with an instinctive salute:

"Bravo Popov of Franzblau Flour!"

Under my reprimanding gaze, he sheepishly re-seated himself and listened attentively to the rest of my tale, pausing only to jot down a few notes or pluck some roses from my cheeks.

"I worked until two-thirty, when I left and walked all around New York. I was in a daze, controlled by some distant spirit of destiny. All at once I realized that I was in Tiffany's asking to look at some brooches. There were detectives all around me. I beld some brooches in my hand, and then told the salesman that I was sorry but I didn't care for them and had no time to look at any more. Before I could fully realize what I was doing I was out on the street with a small

diamond brooch clasped under my purse. Why had I done this horrible thing? What force had persuaded me to undertake such a nefarious venture? The next day I reported to Doctors Maltese, Smiley, and Slivverpool, who sent me to you."

Dr. Lindhurst sat for a moment, persuing his notes. At length he looked up.

"From what you have told me I can draw only one conclusion. You are sure you were in Tiffany's?"

"Quite sure."

"And you openly admit that there were a great many detectives."

"Yes, that's right."

"Enough to make it difficult to steal a brooch."

"Yes."

"Enough to make it almost impossible to steal the brooch."

"That's true."

"Then I maintain that you did not steal the brooch at all; that this is merely a desire for resolved accomplishment, a negative wish fulfillment, a hypersensitized sublimation factor. In reality you walked out of the store empty-handed."

"No, Doctor."

"No?"

"I'm afraid not."

He paused for a moment.

"In that case, you are a detective employed at Tiffany's, deluding yourself into thinking you are an employee of the Franzblau Flour Corporation."

I nodded negatively.

"Wrong again?"

"I'm afraid so, Doctor."

He hunched forward on the couch, looking miserable. After a moment he looked up hopefully.

"You're sure you're not a detective from Tiffany's?"

"Positive."

He arose and pulled himself up to his full height.

"In that case you could not possibly have stolen the brooch. It is impossible with so many detectives around. You are suffering from a traumatic delusion. The brooch was never stolen, Miss Selznick; it is still in the store."

Slowly, painfully, I reached into my pocket-book and pulled out the brooch. Dr. Lindhurst collapsed on the couch. I put my arm around his shoulders.

"My reputation," he sobbed, "my well being, my state of equilibrium . . ."

"Cheer up, Doctor," I said. "Things aren't that bad."

He fingered the brooch warily.

"You took this from Tiffany's with all those detectives standing around?"

I nodded. He clutched my hands fervishly.

"How did you do it? I've been trying for years. Tieclips I try, and jackets and sweaters. Lord and Taylors, Gimbels, Weber and Heilbroner, always they catch me. I can't even get a pair of socks from Klein's."

He ran over to the desk, and pulled a pair of brown shoelaces out of a drawer.

"You see this? I grabbed them off an old lady on 23rd Street, and I damn near didn't get these."

He began to weep uncontrollably. I reached my hand into his jacket pocket and fed him a little Cream of Yummy. He dried his eyes and smiled at me gratefully.

"You're very kind," he said. "You have a wonderful touch and you know what to do in an emergency."

"I used to be a crooked policewoman," I said, "and I'm still quick on my toes. But to return to my case."

"Ah yes," he sighed, running his fingers through my platinum blonde hair, "your case. We shall have to go back still further into your childhood. Tell me, when you were little did you set yourself up some inadvertant idol?"

"I don't understand what you mean, Doctor."

"In their search for personality completions children often emulate odd figures from their personal mythologies: The Pied Piper of Hamelin, Mary of Scots, Franzblau, the king of the cake flours —"

"I see what you mean. I didn't really have any idols, although I had an early crush on the boy who sold vegetables at the Super Market."

"I take it then you liked carrots?"

"Carrots? I could take them or leave them."

"That is how it appears to you now, but the fact is that you took them and did not leave them, a fact which has culminated in your theft of the diamond brooch. By the way do you pronounce it 'brooch' to rhyme with 'smooch', or 'broche' to rhyme with 'roach'?"

"I pronounce it 'broche' to rhyme with 'roach'."

"Do you find this presents any problem whatever?"

"No I don't, Doctor. I wish you'd get to the point?"

"But this is the point exactly. You say you pronounce it 'broche' to rhyme with 'roach',

whereas I would naturally pronounce it 'brooch' to rhyme with 'smooch'. But have you ever tried to pronounce it brooch to rhyme with Hitchcock? You would run into some trouble there, let me assure you."

"But, Doctor —"

"Yes, my dear Miss Selznick, a great deal of trouble. And so you unconsciously avoid these burdens on your psyche. You have never attempted to pronounce it brooch to rhyme with lascivious, or even brooch to rhyme with radical, as a starter. No, you have stayed with the tried and true method of brooch to smooch —"

"Broche to roach."

"Quite so, quite so, broche to roach, and in the short time that I have known you I have seen a constant rejection of all the other multi-varied brooch byways of expression that come so easily to the lips of other, less brooch-attuned individuals. Do you follow me?"

"I believe so."

"Then we shall proceed. Are you inordinately frightened of parrots or parrakeets?"

"No."

"Aha. Thank you very much, Miss Selznick, you have been of great help." Dr. Lindhurst sat with his chin in his hands, thinking, and chanting a small chant that went "carrot-parrot broche-roach, carrot-parrot broche-roach, carrot-parrot carrot parrot carrot-parrot broche-roach." Soon he was on his feet, swaying back and forth in concentration. I was aware that I was seeing one of the great minds of our time at work, and my platinum blonde hair-tingled with excitement.

Suddenly the Doctor stopped swaying and snapped at me.

"Did you eat the carrots?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say, did you eat the carrots or drink them? Carrot juice, you know."

"I ate them. Boiled preferably, although sometimes raw."

"I see. Carrots boiled and raw. Parrots. Brooch-smooch."

"Broche-roach," I corrected softly.

"Quite right," he murmured gratefully, "broche-roach."

He began to sway again, this time with a slightly varied chant that went:

"Carrot-eat Parrakeet, Carrot-eat Parrakeet"

softer and softer until he fell dozing on the couch. I let him sleep for a few moments and then shook him gently.

"Quite so," he nodded, licking the corners of his mouth for some dried Cream of Yummy, "quite so. I have the answer at last; it is quite elementary; I am amazed that I did not notice it before. You have an obvious brooch fixation, you were indisputably in Tiffany's at the time of the theft, and yet you insist that you are not a detective at all. Therefore, Zelda Selznick, I now declare that you are not a woman as you appear, but a diamond brooch."

My knees turned to jelly and I gazed at him with a cool steady gaze that belied my inner tremors. I began to croon softly.

"I was a crazy dope fiend," I said, "I was a drunken driver, I was a lousy stool pigeon —"

"And now," he interspersed, "you are a diamond brooch. Have some Cream of Yummy." I waved away the yummy clenched fist that he proffered, and listened for the rest of his analysis.

"What remains for me to do now," he went on, "is to rid you of your brooch fixation and convince you that you are a woman."

He stooped to spoon some jelly from my knees, and continued.

"My services up to now have been gratis, but a complete de-brooching therapy will be quite involved and may take a good deal of time and money."

"I am prepared to pay with my combined Careless Call Girl and Crooked Policewoman savings, Dr. Lindhurst, if you feel that you can help me."

"Very well, we shall proceed. You will come for consultation twice weekly for two hours, and once every two weeks for an afternoon of extensive brooch-probing. Zelda Selznick, what are you?"

"I am a diamond brooch." I felt a numbing coldness along my spine as I said these words, as if I could not quite believe them. A question welled within my brain.

"Doctor, if I am really a diamond brooch, how can I communicate with you?"

The doctor thought deeply for a moment, his head in his hands. Then he looked up.

"You are a very exceptional diamond brooch," he said.

How Zelda Selznick rids herself of her brooch fixation and works her way back on the road of normality to later marry Dr. Lindhurst, makes for exciting and compassionate reading. Learn how one woman fought her way up through her psychosis and into America's heart. You will never forget Zelda Selznick and her valiant story. Don't miss the next article in this series.

SCHIZOGRAMS!

WIN SIX MILLION DOLLARS!

BIGGEST CONTEST EVER!

FILTHY LUCRE!



Try your hand at this simple puzzle-contest and take a chance to win the following prizes:

- A Cadillac for everyone in your neighborhood
- A lifetime supply of diamond pendants
- Membership in the "Book of the Minute" club, which sends you a new bestseller every sixty seconds **ABSOLUTELY FREE!**
- and many other prizes.

ANY MONGOLIAN IDIOT can complete these simple puzzles and win himself fame and fortune. Just follow the simple rules:

RULES: Each day for the next week we will print a series of four puzzles Schizograms to decipher. At the end of the week send in your 28 completed Schizograms to compete for the jackpot. The Schizogram will consist of either a name with only ONE letter left out for you to fill in, or a scrambled name. The names will all be **FAMOUS PERSONAGES:** For practice, try these two sample Schizograms:

(a) MAR—LYN MON—OE

(b) DWGHIT E. DISENHWOER

All ready? The answers are **MARILYN MONROE** and **DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER**. See how easy it is? Now here are the first four Schizograms that count for real. Fill them out and send them in for the grand prize!

UNSCRAMBLE THE FOLLOWING NAMES:

1. MOBT—GJE GIB—LSTRYL

2. DJXZOFXX FJFJDIXX

3. SLOMBOBB OOOOOOOO

4.

CONDITIONS: In the event of a tie, judges will cancel entire contest, as it will be too much trouble to figure out what to do. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight yesterday in order to be eligible. Kindly enclose life-size portrait and essay on the topic: **WHY I AM NOW SERVING TIME IN SAN QUENTIN.** This contest is open only to inmates of San Quentin and their immediate families.



INSPECTOR FINK

**YOU TAKE THE LOW ROAD AND I'LL BE
HIGH IN SCOTLAND YARD BEFORE YOU**

See, you think you're a detective, do you? Come now, don't deny it. Of course you do. Today, everywhere's a detective. We spend every one of our waking hours reading detective stories, perusing detective magazines, leafing through detective comics, and watching detectives perform on television. And invariably, we're amazed, awestruck people, we KNOW BEYOND A DOUBT that we're BETTER detectives than they are. It's simple. Show me a mystery story that I can't solve before the famous climax. Go ahead. Show me!

You can't do it, and I'll bet I can't do it either. That is, I couldn't until this story came along. The moment I first opened the pages of this immortal saga of Inspector Fink, I knew that here was something new, something different, something better — or something worse. I knew that here was the answer to not only my own dreams, but also the dreams of a hundred and fifty million other strong, healthy and thoughtful Americans (women and children included).

We challenge you to solve this super mystery. You may like to, read it first and then solve it. I don't care. The inner subtleties of characterization, the careful building of plot, the devilish concealment of clues (there are at least three clues hidden here — you're right here), and the delicate building of

suspense, all mark this author as one of the greatest mystifiers of all time. Believe me, in Inspector Fink, I have created my masterpiece.

Now to get down to cases. I, Augustus, Capricornus, Antonius, Julius III am hering a challenge. TO ANYONE, I repeat ANYONE, who can come up with the correct solution to this mystery, either before or after reading the full text, in twenty-five words or less, AND who can guess the correct address to which this missive must be forwarded, will WIN, I said win, twenty-five Cadillac convertibles PLUS \$54,000 or less, in old fashioned-gold-both American dollar bills (or less).

Meanwhile, in another part of the forest, Inspector Fink is carrying on. He will be back, never fear. Nothing can stop his smooth, slick, logical brain. No one can penetrate his impenetrable disguise. You think you're seen the real Inspector. He! That's what I say. He! Just wait till next time. You'll be surprised. The real Inspector — but that's another story.

So turn the leaves carefully. They might burn. Examine your intellect carefully. It might suffer. Strain your deductive reasoning. It's worth it. Here, at long last is a subject worth all the effort of your command. Never has such a story appeared before... or again, we hope.





IT TAKES SEVEN KILLINGS TO BE
GORING GIRLIES OOH WHAT FUN!

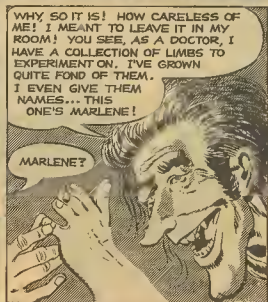
GOOD MORNING
GOOD MORNING!
HAVE YOU SEEN
THE PAPERS?

YES, WE HAVE
CHILDREN GO
TO YOUR
ROOMS!



NOW, MR.
PETRONIUS,
MY HUSBAND
HAS SOMETHING
TO SAY TO
YOU!

ISN'T THAT A
LEG YOU'RE
CARRYING?



WHY SO IT IS! HOW CARELESS OF
ME! I MEANT TO LEAVE IT IN MY
ROOM! YOU SEE, AS A DOCTOR, I
HAVE A COLLECTION OF LIMBS TO
EXPERIMENT ON. I'VE GROWN
QUITE FOND OF THEM.
I EVEN GIVE THEM
NAMES... THIS
ONE'S MARLENE!

MARLENE?



I WONDER IF I COULD TROUBLE
YOU, MR SIPPLEMAS, FOR A
BOTTLE OF ACID? I'VE GOT
THESE AWFUL
BLOODTAINS
ALL OVER ME
AND I'D LIKE
TO WASH
THEM
OFF!

I'M AFRAID
WE'RE ALL
OUT OF ACID,
MR. PETRONIUS.

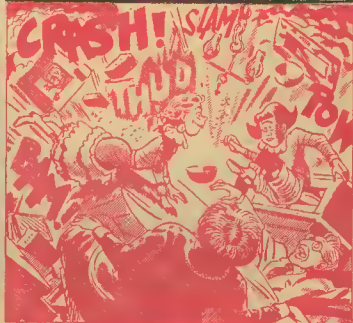
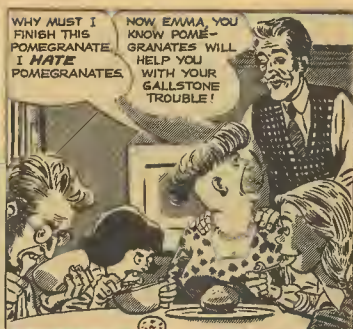
MARLENE?

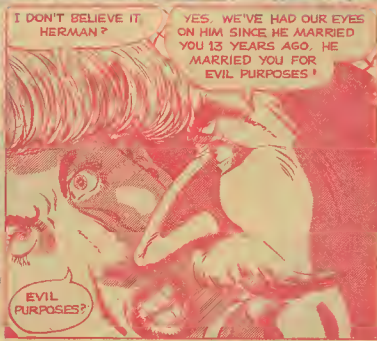


AH WELL THEN, I SHALL
RETURN TO MY CHAMBER.
I HAVE CLOTHES TO
BURN.

THANK YOU FOR THE
BOOK YOU LENT ME
MR. PETRONIUS!

YOU'RE VERY
WELCOME MRS
SIPPLEMAS!





THAT'S WHAT I SAID. HE CAME TO THIS HOUSE TO SEARCH FOR THE HUMPERDINK RUBY WHICH YOUR MOTHER HID HERE. DO YOU REMEMBER HER TELLING WHERE IT WAS?



YES, ONLY I'VE FORGOTTEN WHERE IT'S HIDDEN... BUT WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH HERMAN? HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT THE RUBY!

OH, YES HE DOES... THAT'S WHY HE TRIED TO CONVINCE YOU YOU WEREN'T CRAZY!



BUT I'M **NOT** CRAZY!

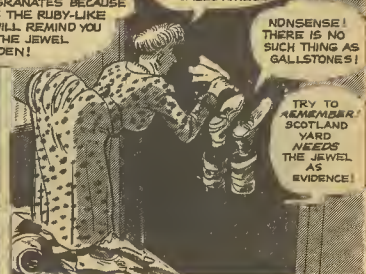
OH, YES YOU ARE... YOU'RE AS LOONY AS THEY COME!

HERMAN! RUMMY VAN WYCK FARKAS, THE EVIL JEWEL THIEF?



YES, MRS. SIPPLEMAS, THAT'S WHY HE'S ALWAYS FEEDING YOU POMEGRANATES BECAUSE HE HOPES THE RUBY-LIKE SEEDS WILL REMIND YOU WHERE THE JEWEL IS HIDDEN!

NO NO! HERMAN FEEDS ME POMEGRANATES BECAUSE THEY'RE GOOD FOR MY GALLSTONES!



NONSENSE! THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS GALLSTONES!

TRY TO REMEMBER! SCOTLAND YARD **NEEDS** THE JEWEL AS EVIDENCE!



Y-i-i-i!
!!!

THERE, YOU SEE?... SHE HAS A GUILT COMPLEX!

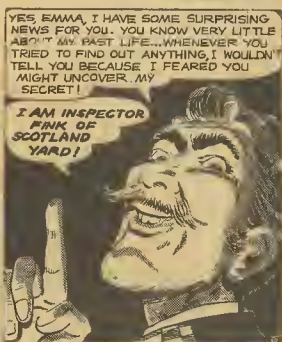
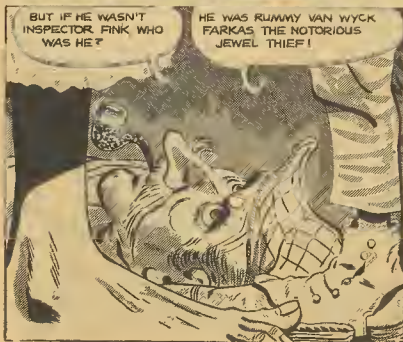


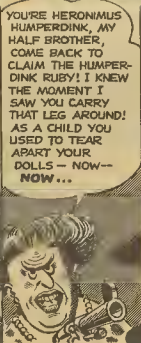
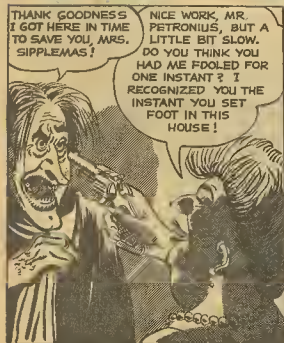
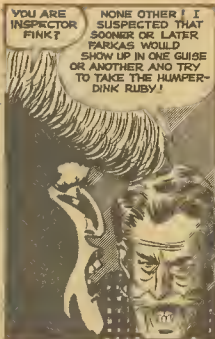
BUT SURELY YOU DON'T THINK YOUR WIFE IS REALLY THE RIPPER?

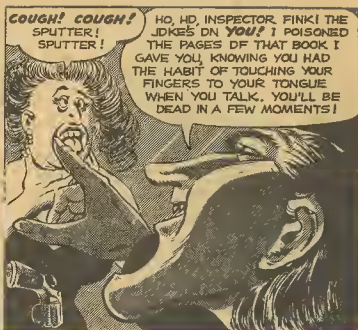
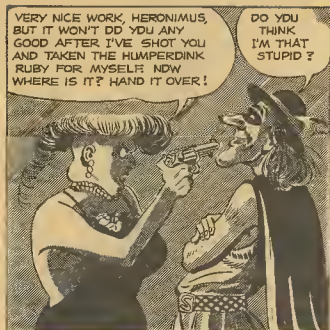
BUT I DO, MR. PETRONIUS. SHE LEAVES THE HOUSE AT THREE EVERY MORNING AND RETURNS AT FIVE... THEN SHE REFUSES TO EAT POMEGRANATES, AND WHY, EXCEPT THAT THEY ARE THE COLOR OF BLOOD!













PARTY GAMES



Hey there, All American teen ager:

Are you the life of the party? Do you know enough yuks, riddles and limericks? Do your girlfriends run up to you hegging, "Oh please come to my party and be the life of the party"? Do the fellows gather at the corner jealously when you walk by and mutter, "There he goes, the life of the party"? Do your folks refer to you affectionately as "Life of Party" or "LOP"? Hah?

If you have answered "no" to any of the above questions then the following article is for you. Study it carefully and learn how to mold your personality into a new successful career.

What is the secret of such standard American lives of the party as Archie Andrews, Henry Aldrich, Gaylord Hauser and Wendell Wurtzell? Do you know why they make girls

giggle girlishly, "Oh Archie, Henry, Gaylord or Wendell, you are the hoy for me?" The answer is that these boys have memorized a whole slew of party games which enables them to enliven any evening. Such as for example when your beautiful blonde date turns out the lights, throws off her gown and murmurs, "What shall we do oow?" do you snap back quick as a flash, "Let's play Tuckaho Tag? You bet you don't, and why not? Let's face it: **YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TUCKAHO TAG IS.** Now, dear reader, you have your big chance. The secrets of Andrews, Aldrich, Hauser and Wurtzell are lying at your fingertips. Simply memorize the following four party games and try them out with your friends. We guarantee that within ten days there will be a marked change in your social status

1. BRITISH ROULETTE



Let's start with a quickie. This is a favorite sport of English film star Alec Ginsberg, and is a simple variation on the old Soviet game, Russian Roulette. In the older version, one chamber of a revolver is loaded, the players spin the cylinder and aim the gun at their heads in turn, with the winner getting his brains blasted out. This is peachy fun as you can see, only for every ten players there are nine losers. Alec Ginsburg has added a cheerful note to the game by loading all five chambers of the gun. This way everyone has a better chance to score, and there are nice feelings all around. It's a swell game with which to start off the evening, and makes for a quiet and intimate party

2. TOM COLLINS CATCH



This game is slightly more complicated than British Roulette, but doesn't require too much skill, and is a wonderful stimulant for the imagination. It is played with ten couples. First each player drinks four Tom Collins's and two beers (hence the title of the game. Originally it was called Tom Collins and Beer Chaser Catch but this was too unwieldy, so it was shortened to the present name.) After these are drunk, the boys line up on one side of the room, and the girls line up on the other side, facing them. The game is played with a little catch line that goes: "I wish I was a." The player has to fill in what he wishes he was, and then he has to give a reason to rhyme with it. For instance, the first player can say, "I wish I was a rabbit, So sex could be my habit." (This is supposing he is very clever and quick.) Then a second player from the opposite sex has to yell out a rhyme that will go with what the first person said. For instance if John says, "I wish I was a mouse, So I could wear a blouse" then we would know that he's pretty stupid because mice don't wear blouses and he only put it in about the blouse so it would rhyme, and John doesn't want to be a mouse anyhow. But then

Mary can yell out, "I wish I was some cheese, 'Cause then I wouldn't freeze." This little gem makes even less sense than the mouse-blouse bit and Mary is probably nobody's prize on I. Q. whatever, but the point is she said Cheese and that goes with Mouse, so Mary and John proceed to act out Mouse and Cheese with John playing the Mouse and Mary as the Cheese and they can have a lot of fun if they work it right.

What makes this game distinctive is that after a player yells out his rhyme, he has to take a double shot of gin. (There was a petition submitted to Congress recently to retile this game the Tom Collins and Beer Chaser plus Gin Catch, but no action has been taken on it at the present writing.) This feature of the game tends to make it degenerate a bit, for after each player has gone once you are liable to hear Michael yell out, "I wish I was Yvonne because she is built" where upon Yvonne may yell back, "I wish I was in love with Michael" and you see that the finesse has gone out of the game. Nonetheless, it is enjoyable for as long as it goes, and it is a great chance for casual friends to become better acquainted.

3. WATERFRONT BLUFF

This game is very popular in Hollywood where it is played in honor of the recent trend towards naturalistic and violent movies. It is easy to play and works up a lot of spirit and gumption. Choose one player to be "it" and blindfold him securely so he can't see a thing. Then put him in the center of the room and have the other players spread out and grab any implements that they can find around the house. At a count of ten everybody charges at the blindfolded player and beats him sense-

less, while chanting phrases to show what character they are imitating. For instance, if you hit him over the head with a gun butt, you can yell out, "Come back, Shane" or "I'm glad what I done to you, Johnny Friendly."

If you are going to dispense with tools and just kick in the stomach, two good phrases to use are "Don't mess with me, Teech" and "He made a vow while in State Prison it would be my life or his'n". As a general rule,



people think of phrases on their own, and the game becomes quite congenial as it goes on. After a few people have been "it", there may not be too many players left, and everyone will be pretty tired, so it's sometimes fun to

put ether on the blindfold and then bind it so tightly that it shuts off all circulation. This way, all the players can relax and watch "it" topple senseless to the floor without applying any effort whatever.

4. FRUSTRATION QUIZ



where Frustration Quiz is played, but do not let this deter you. Simply point out one of the original four or five guests to the other people at the party, and scream, "You see that square? He's never even played Frustration Quiz. Can you feature that?" It is a cinch that shortly you will be asked to lead a session of Frustration Quiz. When this occurs, do not accept at once, but have the other guests coax you into playing.

In reality the game is a variation of Twenty Questions, that perennial favorite, except that there are only ten questions, and you don't indicate whether the subject is Animal, Vegetable or Mineral. The catch in this game is that whereas everybody is trying to guess what subject you are thinking of, you are actually thinking of no subject whatever. This enables you to answer "yes" or "no" indiscriminately to the questions asked, since you don't know any more than they do. For instance you can give one answer to a query from player A although you have just given the opposite answer to the same query from player B. This makes for no end of confusion and hysteria. The biggest kick of all comes at the end of the questioning, when all the players turn to you to reveal the subject. Ha Ha Ha.

At the end of the first round of Frustration Quiz, everybody feels cheated and wants to try again, so you'll find that the game goes on and on with bigger and better side effects ranging from nervous breakdowns to suicide. If things start getting a bit slow, try decreasing the amount of questions from round to round, so that after a few minutes the players have to identify the subject with one question. This always gets results.

A marvelous game that can be played again and again when introduced correctly. The proper way to introduce this game is to approach four or five guests at a party and say, "Have you played Frustration Quiz?" Of course the answers you receive will all be in the negative, since no one cares to admit that they travel in the disgusting kind of circles

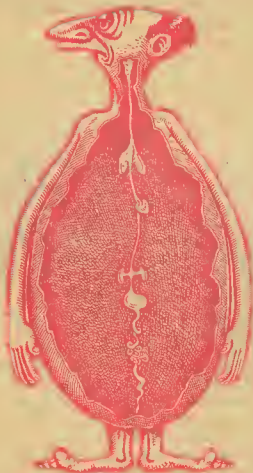
Inside MR. AMERICA

What goes on inside the average inside? The isometric innards of Mr. America shows you all!

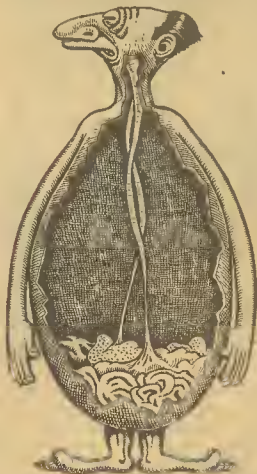
For years now, you've probably been wonderin' what goes on inside the average man's inside. Well, so have the editors of FROM HERE TO INSANITY, and after asking the seven people we are on speaking terms with, and doing other extensive research, we're happy to report our findings on these pages: We still don't know what the hell goes on inside the average male American. But even if we don't know what DOES go on, you can bet your last potsy token we know what SHOULD go on. Aren't you thrilled, you fools?



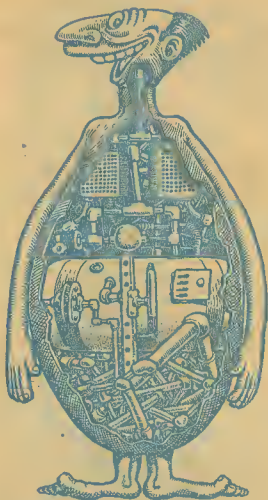
This is average American inside. Inflated discombobulo is considered typical for males.



Inside of dieters (hobitui), worriers (chronic), eaters (poor). Last named can rant space.



Inward parts of elevator operators who start up too suddenly. Found in pogo stick users, too.



Innards of surgeon's and plumbers' relatives (who get deals) and sparts fans (who'd just rather).



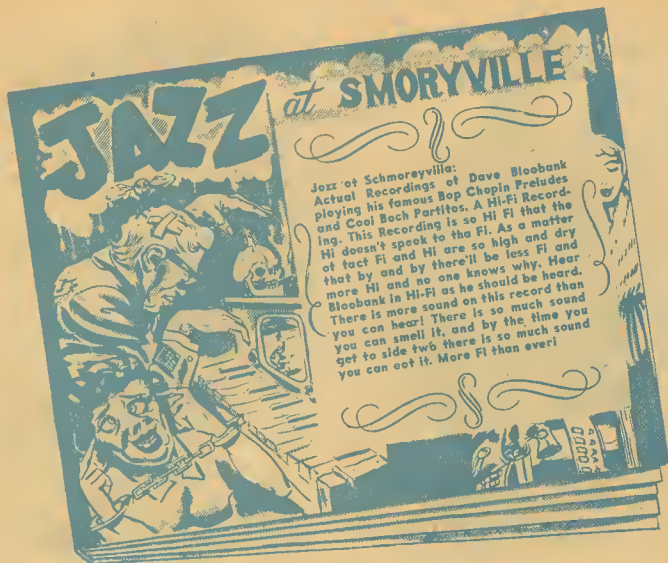
Inside of left-side sleeper. For right-side dope, use mirror. For others use imagination.



This happens to perpetual beer-guzzlers. Also typical of quantity eaters of cattan, sponges, etc.



Full time hard liquor drinkers. Note destruction of "pipe", or strullo — actually caused by water!

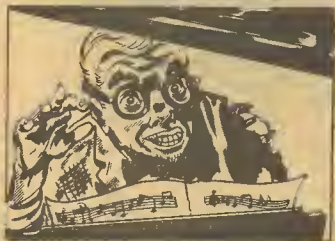


Dave Bloobank:

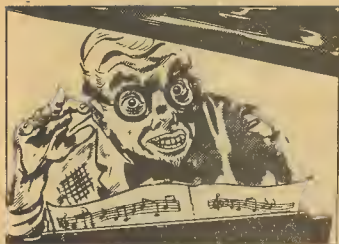
Modern Jazz Pianist!

The current revolution in jazz, which has taken America by storm, is due in great part to the ceaseless efforts of modern jazz pianist Dave Bloobank. Dave was one of the pioneers who introduced modern and classic develop-

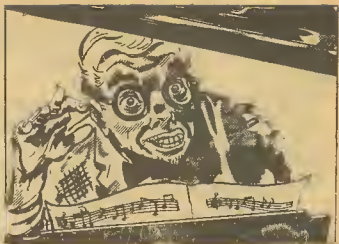
ments into jazz piano playing, and he is still right up on top. We give you now some shots of Dave in action, and some candid descriptions of the music he makes, in language which all modern jazz devotees will recognize from the back of his record albums.



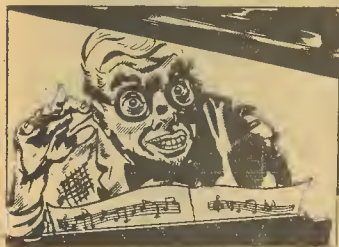
Bloobank seats himself at the piano and prepares to begin his concert. He steadies his nerves by concentrating on the music he is about to make.



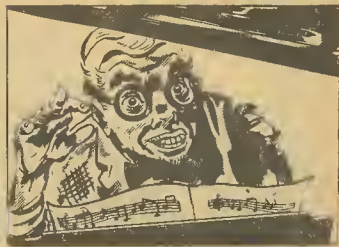
Striking to a Bartokian fury in G# Major, Bloobank attacks the piano in a relentlessly pulsating rhythm. This combination of Debussy transpositions and Swahili Jungle Culture makes for exciting listening.



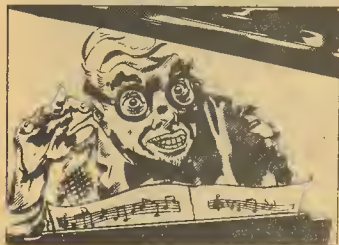
Bloobank calls this section of the work Stardust, because it is a coupling of Ah Sweet Mystery of Life and K.O. Nidre. "Best thing we've ever done," he chortles.



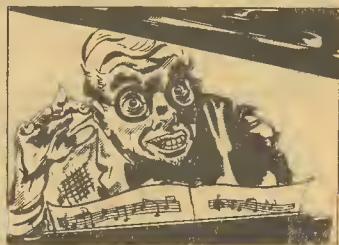
Having recovered from his little jest, Bloobank starts in earnest on his jazz prelude. Playing Lady Be Good with his left hand, and the flute theme from Stravinsky's Petrouchka with his right, he deftly intersperses the Battle Hymn of the Republic with his nose and teeth.



Modest Bloobank acknowledges the fans' mad cheering for his contrapuntal treatment of a second modal theme, but how many of them recognize that it is the Choral-theme from Beethoven's ninth played backwards? Ha ha, Bloobank has pulled another masterstroke.



As the amazing session comes to a close, Bloobank seems hardly phased by the terrific musical prowess he has just displayed. Recording engineers fall senseless as he finishes his phenomenal improvisations, and as he rises from the piano stool he bids them farewell in a perfect four voice fugue.

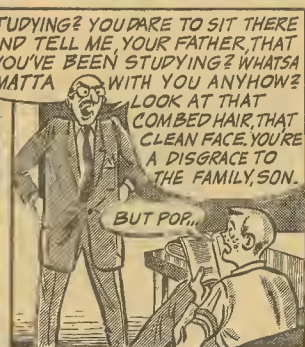
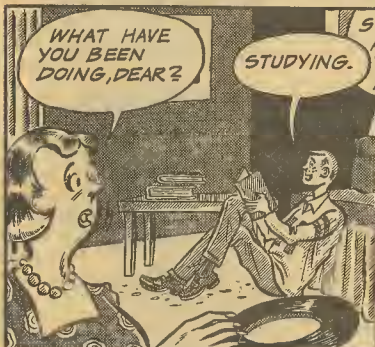
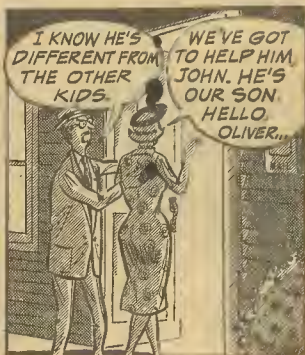
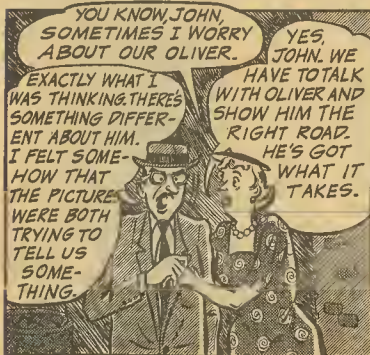
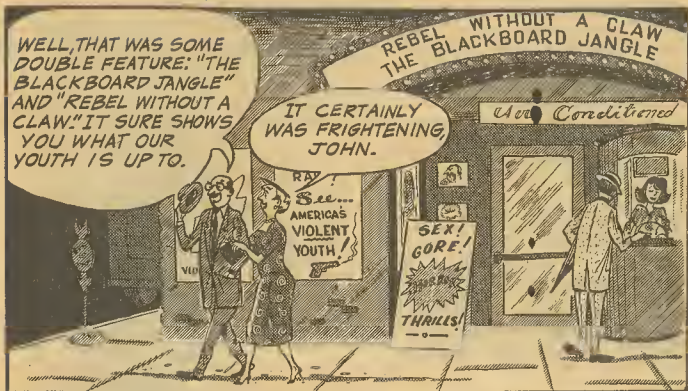


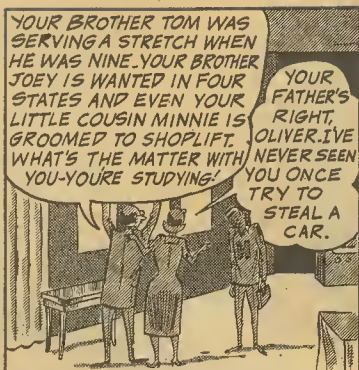
Drunk with power, Bloobank rips into a "Rag Mop" cadenza enhanced by the drum and bass accompaniment which is created by throwing the drum against the bass. Switching from a 3/9 to a 7/11 beat, Bloobank can be heard to hum over his playing. Bloobank says that this cadenza is the "best thing we've ever done."

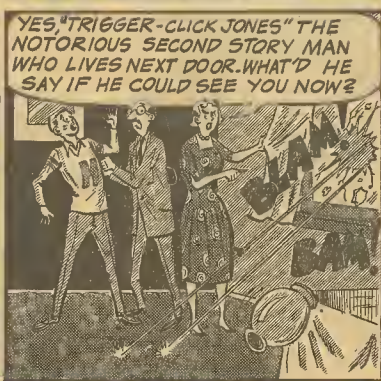
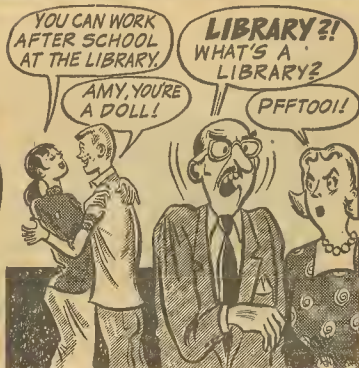


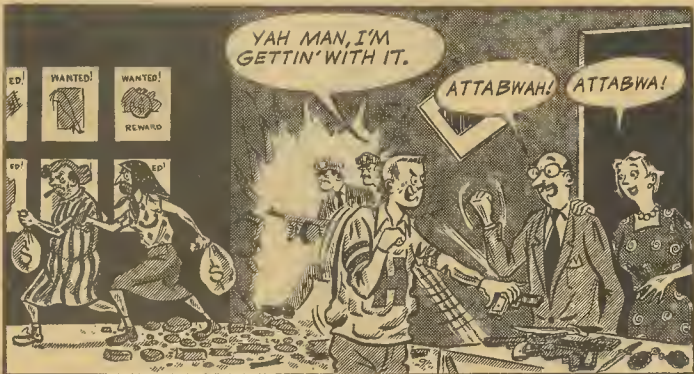
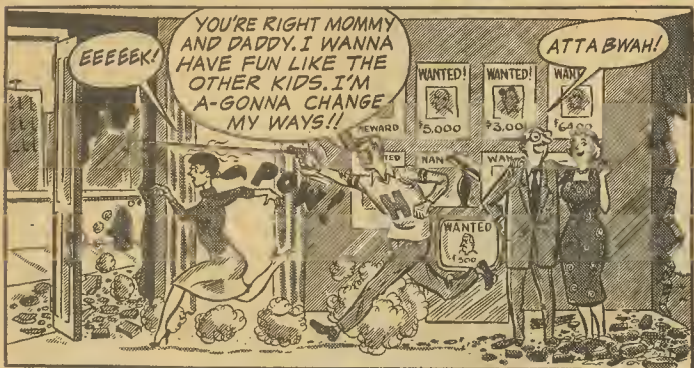
PARENTS, DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR CHILDREN ARE AT THIS MOMENT? WHAT THEY ARE DOING, WHO THEY ARE WITH? HAVE YOU GIVEN CAREFUL SUPERVISION TO YOUR CHILD'S UPBRINGING, OR ARE YOU HARBORING A DELINQUENT, A PROSPECTIVE THREAT TO SOCIETY? THROUGHOUT OUR COUNTRY, IT IS THE JOB OF PARENTS EVERYWHERE TO HELP OUR YOUNGSTERS LIVE CLEAN, HEALTHY LIVES, TO AVOID TRAGIC STORIES LIKE THE FOLLOWING. FOR THE BENEFIT OF PARENTS EVERYWHERE, WE PRESENT,....

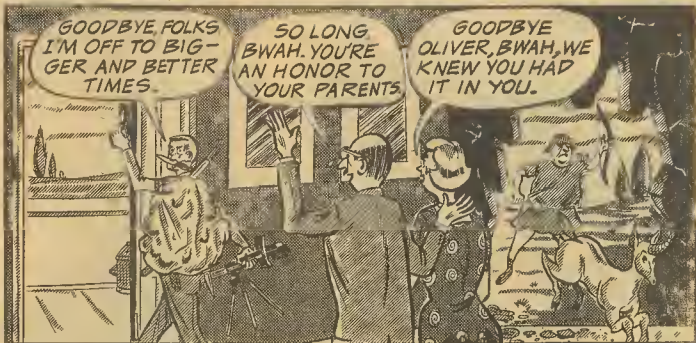
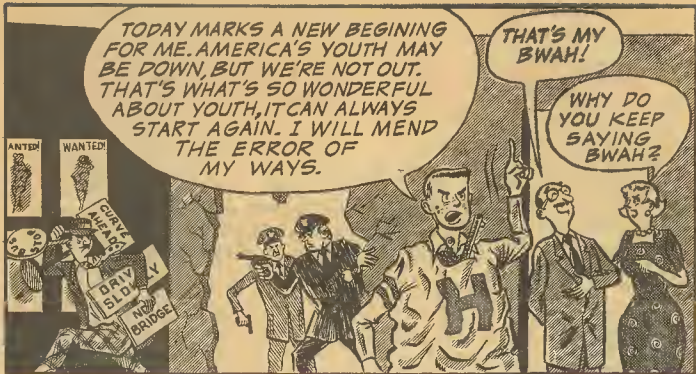
"THE MISFIT"





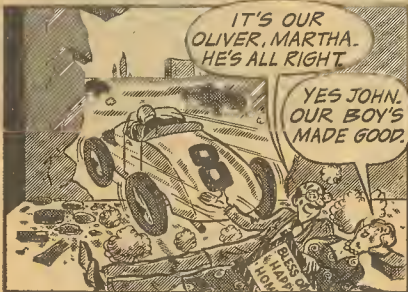






AND SO OLIVER GOES OUT TO MAKE HIS PARENTS HAPPY AND JOIN THE JOYFUL NUMBERS OF AMERICAN YOUTH ON THE RISE. IS YOUR CHILD A HEALTHY SPECIMEN LIKE OLIVER, OR WILL HE TURN OUT TO BE A MISFIT, A BADLY ADJUSTED INDIVIDUAL, AS OLIVER NEARLY

TURNED OUT? YOUR CHILD MAY NEED HELP AND SUPERVISION. THERE ARE MANY RELIABLE INSTITUTIONS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE HE CAN MAKE FRIENDS AND LEARN THE CLEAN WAY OF LIFE. SEND HIM TO THE LOCAL POOLROOM OR ANY STREETCORNER WHERE YOU NOTICE A GANG OF ROWDIES. BUT DO NOT DELAY: AMERICA'S FUTURE LIES IN ITS YOUTH!



THE CENTURY'S MOST

PRACTICAL INVENTIONS

A parcel of putrid panocoas, designed by experts, to fill our most pressing needs. The onswers America has been crying for!



Conversation Cutter — This magnificent machine solves your fuel problem. Time, otherwise wasted in yokking on the phone can be used thusly to prepare fire logs.



POOCH POWER — This profound device is just the thing for those awful emergencies when the electricity is off and dental drilling becomes necessary. The patented shoker shown as an attachment, holds the fleas.

CONK COOKER — Specifically designed for the hot-tempered wife, who is impatiently tapping with her fingers as she waits angrily for her mate. Now she can cook a 9 lb. roast at the same time, with no extra effort.



CARCASS KICKER — No longer do you have to wish for a preventative for over-indulgence. Here is one that is ready made to your requirement. As you lean back to imbibe your bicarb, the attachment does all the rest.

INSANITY'S ALL-TIME ALL-AMERICAN TEAM

From time to time, other, less notable magazines have attempted to present to their gullible readers, lists of what purport to be All-American Football teams. These teams, in fact, have never existed. The Editors of INSANITY after an exhaustive and time-consuming investigation, have discovered that ALL OF THESE SELECTIONS HAVE BEEN OUT-RIGHT FRAUDS.

INSANITY now has the high privilege of presenting the ONLY true All-American roster. If we point with pride, we know at least our work is accurate.



Killer McGoon



Tankbeum Jorso



Pinhead Prober



Peewee Midge



Cannibal Conk

McCARNEY



Marilyn Bonroe



Louis The Louse



Anita Wreckburg

THE TEAM

Center—Killer McGoon, 208 lbs., 8 ft. 7 in. The curse of the deep south for nigh onto forty years.

Guards—Peewee Midget of Alcatraz, and Cannibal Conk of Leavenworth.

Tackles—Pinhead Prober, the dental student of Wyyouwasha U., and Tankbeam Torso, the bloodthirsty representative of the Big Two.

Ends—Anita Wreckburg and Marilyn Bonroe. What better ends are there in life? QB—Crazy Legs Louis the Louse, the dip-mad sharpie and best sneak in the game.

Wingbacks — Bertie the Batboy, the Vampire of the West, and Jetso Juggernaut, the Air Force Colonel studying under the GI Bill of Rights.

Tailback—Lilly Sin Seer! Whatta Tailback! Whatta back! Whatta T . . . whaops, careful now! No more need be said.



Lilly Sin Seer



Jetso Juggernaut



Bertie The Batboy



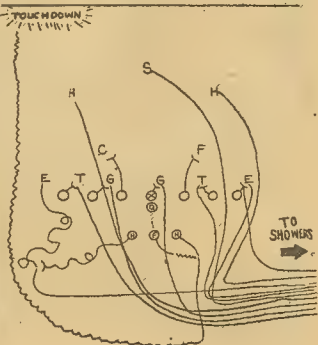
Lily Sin Seer holds ball for place kick. Will baater baat the right raund Glabe?

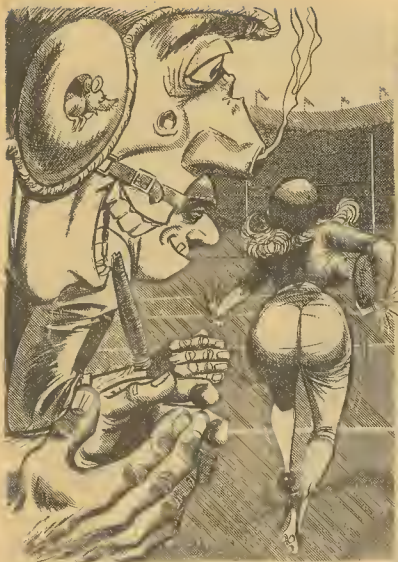


Aardvark Agglepuss, Caach of the Century, is well able to keep track of all events.

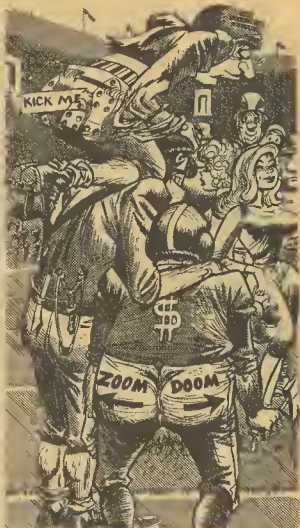
PLAY OF THE CENTURY

Ctr hands ball ta Qbk, wha fades, giving ball ta LH wha spins and laterals ta tackle while faking ta FB. Tackle passes ta RH wha has cut left and now runs ta center and returns ta QB wha is still fading. Both ends fake while TBk takes ball and cuts laterally across field. MEANWHILE RH has returned ta line of scrimmage, where he takes a buck lateral fram TBk. He in turn passes ta QB wha by this time has faded back completely across his awn gaal line. There he is tackled by all eleven players simultaneausly. Ball squirts out af his hand ta HB wha naw runs. Oppasing team fallaws Lily Sin Seer wha makes a dash far the shawer.

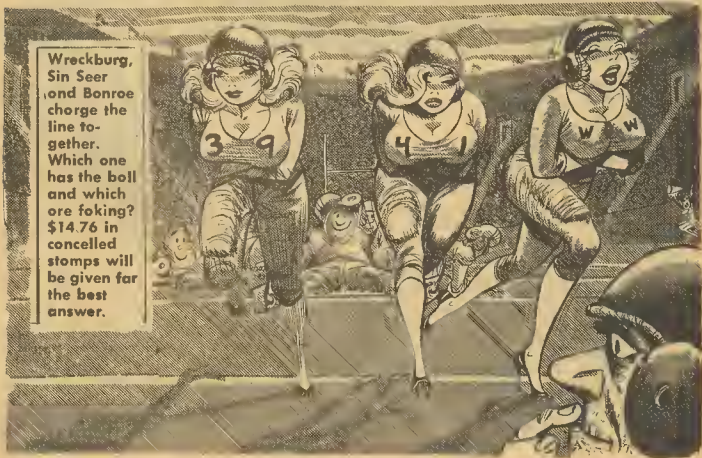




Backfield in motlan—All eyes right! There goes the tail . . . back. Tis a fair sight to watch.

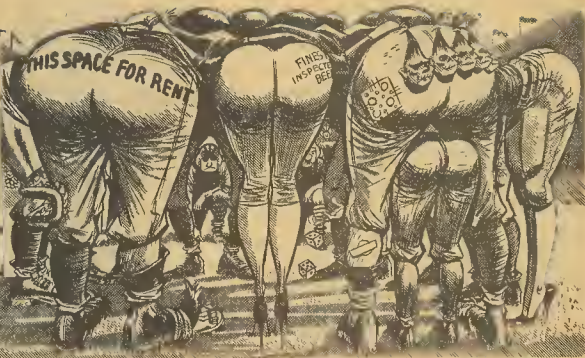


End Around Play—All players gather round the ends to get a better view of the appasite and better side.

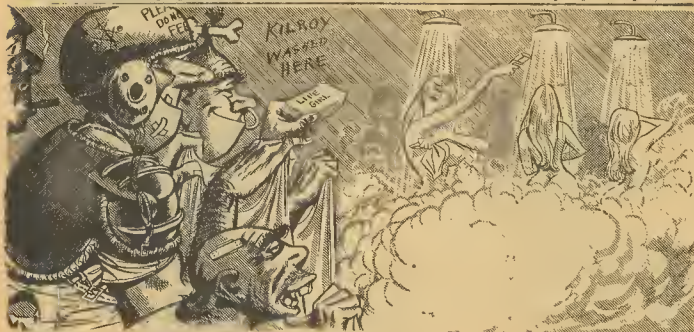


Wreckburg, Sin Seer and Bonroe charge the line together. Which one has the boll and which ore foking? \$14.76 in cancelled stomps will be given far the best answer.

Home team huddles to make their biggest decision of the game. Should boys or girls pay for bourbon after the big game.



The oil-America jury deliberates behind locked doors. Are they sports pictures



In the dressing room, the gentlemanly spirit of football is demonstrated for oil to see. Notice how the rough players help the poor, weak girls in every way they can!

COMES NOW SLICK BIOGRAPHY TIME. A SLICK-BIOGRAPHY IS LIABLE TO TURN UP ALMOST ANYWHERE: MOSTLY IN THE BACK OF PROGRAMS, MOVIE MAGAZINES, AND IN INTERVIEWS IN THE PAPERS. HOWEVER, BEHIND THE NEAT STORY THAT YOU READ ON THE PAGE OFTEN LIES A SERIES OF SORDID EVENTS AND TWISTED CONNIVINGS. LIKE FOR INSTANCE...

STARLIGHT

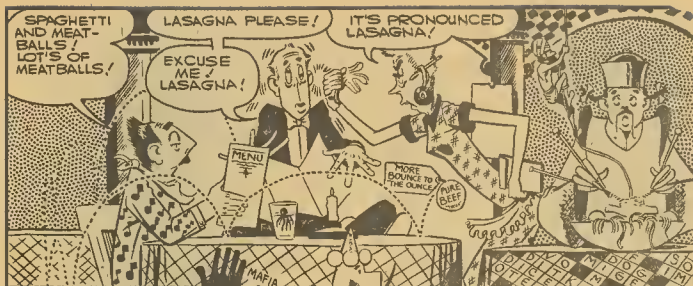
Starbight

Miss Beverly Kalfin, charming star of Raget and Messerschmann's new Broadway musical, "Chapped Liver" is a petite blonde warbler who hails from Des Moines, Iowa. Petite and unaffected are the words far blande Beverly.

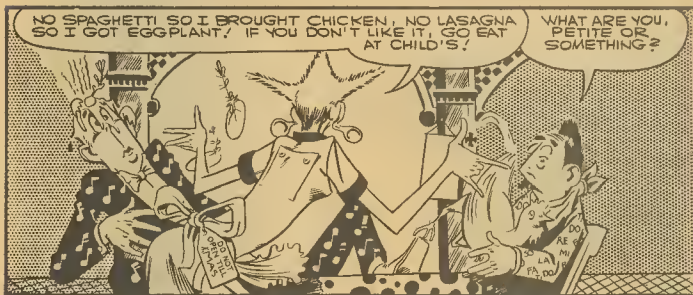


Petite Beverly (who is also unaffected) remains unspailed by her new fame and fortune, and sticks to the same hamey routine that she had back in Des Moines. She says that she thinks nothing of her overnight success.





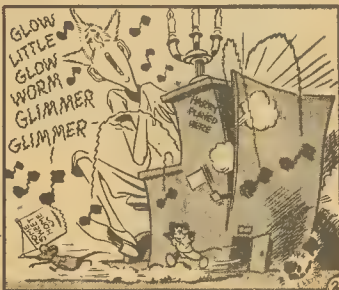
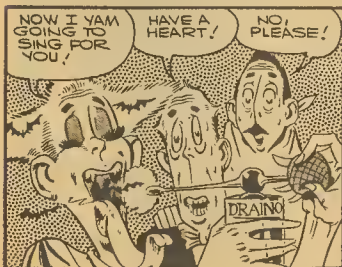
Beverly was discovered by the two producers in a small Italian restaurant where she worked as a waitress. Both Roget and Messerschmann were struck at once with Miss Kolfin's even then apparent petiteness and unaffectedness.

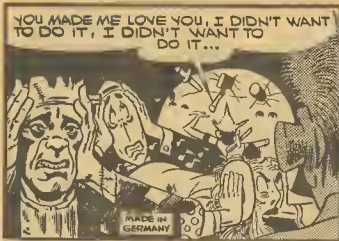


Beverly's fearless originality was in evidence even in her early waitress days.

On a wild guess, Roget turned to Messerschmann and said: "I bet this girl can sing. She looks to me like just the girl to play Jenny Gestalt in our new musical 'Chopped Liver'."

It took a little coaxing, but soon Beverly smiled her wonderful smile, and walked over to the little piano.

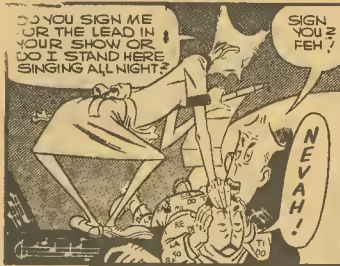




Yes, soon the shy domsel from Des Moines lifted her voice in song. A small voice to be sure, and one that could hardly be heard over the tiny Italian restaurant, but a voice of such purity of tone that it brought a hush over the room.



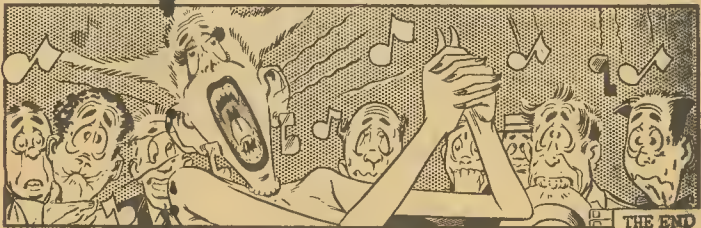
The little restaurant seemed transformed into a grand concert hall as Beverly's petite and unaffected little voice trilled sweetly and sure, leaving no one unmoved.



Thrilled by the quality of her performance, Raget and Messerschmann talked Beverly into starring in "Chopped Liver" their petite and unaffected new musical.



At length Beverly agreed to play the part of Jenny Gestolt, the petite and unaffected heroine of "Chopped Liver" and the most sought after role since "Harvey".



And so the idol of millions who see her nightly as the wholesome star of "Chopped Liver" (and also those who sneak down to Caney Island after the show to watch her do her famous moonlight strip), Beverly Kalfin goes on in her simple ways, a living tribute to the American girl. Yes, simple and unassuming, petite and unaffected are the words for this silver-throated thrush.



**CONFIDENTIALLY HUSH-HUSH
— THIS IS TOP-SECRET**



*The Plain, Adulterated,
Really Varnished* **TRUTH**
about Lil Grabner **EXPOSED!**

Serious devotees of the daily comic strips across the country would be shocked beyond belief were they to learn of the secret antics of the debonair king of the Hill-Billy set, Lil Grabner.

A few short weeks ago, while his so-called "wife", Daisy Play, was off carousing on a

queen-sized sortie of her own, her spouse, who appears to millions of good, clean, American readers as an unvarnished ideal, turned their simple, log-cabin style mansion into a scene of such wild display, as to make the most out-and-out reveler turn green with envy.

At four P.M., your INSANE reporter, care-



tully, hidden behind a sheltering rock on a nearby mountainside, armed with a low-power Boy Scout telescope, spied a couple of revenooers sneaking in the back door, carrying case after case of government confiscated joy-juice.

The drinking bout continued for hours, while the Revenooers made trip after trip to their car, returning with more likker to satisfy the insatiable thirst brought on by Grabner's mighty capacity.

At six, a long, sleek, Gadimperial Mountinental Station wagon drove up, into the palatial courtyard. As the horn tooted a twelve-noted invitation to the dance, six lords and ladies, in powdered wigs, alighted. Lil Grabner threw open his Dutch door, vaulted over the threshold, and teetered forth to greet his guests. Even in the half-light, your INSANE reporter could see that he was WEARING A POWDERED WIG OF HIS OWN.

This was a baffling development. INSANE as your reporter was and is, he could not figure it out. Dying of hunger, parched with thirst, wild with loneliness and fear of the dark, he left his uncomfortable position on the hillside, and sauntered nonchalantly up to the palace.

Grabner greeted me with open arms. Before I knew what was happening, he planted a powdered wig on my head. Then, grasping me in a combination half-nelson, and headlock, he pried open my jaws and forced down a full gallon of ancient champagne. I was astounded.

Then, noticing that I was an intruder, his attitude changed. With a well placed kick to the temple, he knocked me to the floor. From this position, I was able to observe, perfectly, the subsequent goings-on during the balance of the evening.

The so-called log cabin was decorated from



floor to ceiling in imitation of a seventeenth century French Chateau. Three minuets were taking place, simultaneously, Grabner rushing from one group to the other, as fast as his fat little legs could carry him.

Suddenly the music stopped. There was a wild tootle of horns, a furious fortissimo of flutes, a vigorous obligate of violins, and a blast from five French Horns.

In a single movement, everyone flung themselves flat on the floor. ALL EXCEPT Lil Grabner. He stood there, sneering.

It came to me in a flash. Grabner was and is, the long lost Dauphin, the missing heir to King Louis of France, and true heir to the Autocracy of All-Gaul.

Thereupon, to prove his super-manliness, Grabner grabbed a fifty gallon keg of mountain joy juice and in one single swig, emptied it. HE TOOK A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE AS A CHASER.

Following the French folly, the discreet minuets continued.

Everything might have been carried off with vim, vigor, and vitality, if at that very moment, the portals had not been flung wide, revealing the pink and white form of Daisy Play. She had returned unexpectedly.

In my innocence I expected everyone to recoil with horror. They did nothing of the sort. Instead, all of them bowed low, flung themselves flat on the floor, again, seized their powdered wigs and offered them as one, to Daisy Play.

Daisy was flattered. She threw back her head and laughed. It was then that I got my second surprise of the evening. As Daisy threw her head back, it FELL OFF.

She had no head. It was artificial. Where the attachment should have been, was the clean, healed scar of the guillotine. DAISY PLAY WAS REALLY THE EXECUTED



FRENCH QUEEN, MARIE ANTOINETTE

I must have wondered aloud, because the stares that were flung at me, seemed to strike terror in my heart. THEY KNEW WHAT I WAS THINKING.

DAISY TURNED AND REVEALED THE TRUTH. She and Grabner are not married. The entire comic-strip wedding was a wild, and unrehearsed farce. They couldn't be married, because Daisy is really Grabner's mother. This fact was never known before. Even Al Madcap, the cartoonist had been fooled completely.

From then on, the evening turned into a riot. Minuets and whiskey drinking followed one another without pause or letup. I wondered how they could keep it up. I found out soon enough. Each and every one of them had hollow legs. Periodically they would unscrew

them, pour the liquor back into the empty barrels and slyly and furtively, reattach the severed limbs.

Thus they were not really drinking at all. The whole affair was a gigantic fraud.

Your INSANE reporter wishes to bring these facts to the attention of a breathless nation.

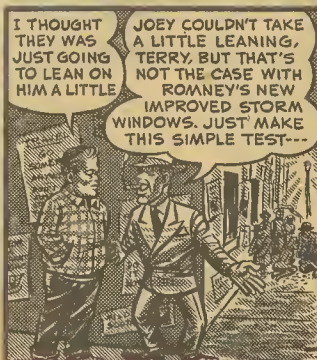
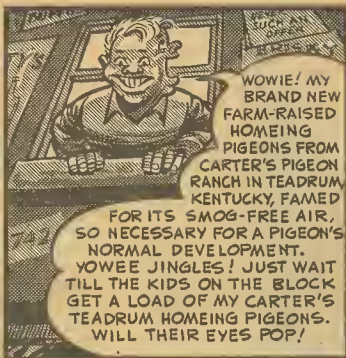
We can now reveal the truth. It is Grabner and Daisy's plan to continue this hoax indefinitely. They hope to make enough money from their comic-strip to pay off in full all pre-French Revolution Royal bonds, 99.44% of which they OWN PERSONALLY.

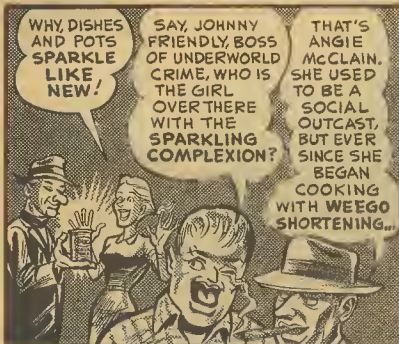
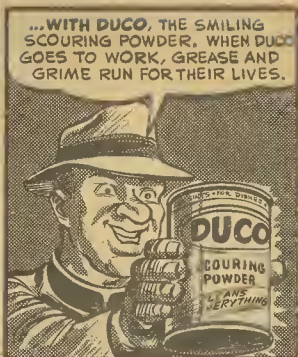
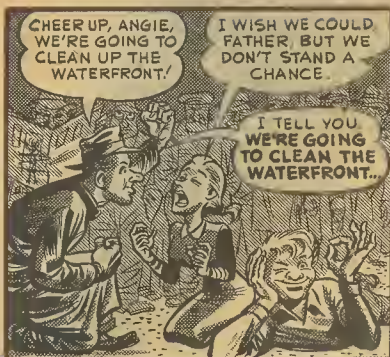
Be warned. Don't let yourself be taken in. Thanks to INSANITY, you can now read the comics, knowing full well that you the readers are the determining factor. The American character is safe.

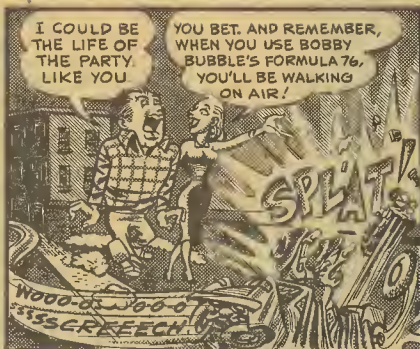
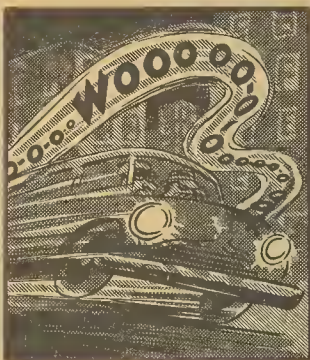
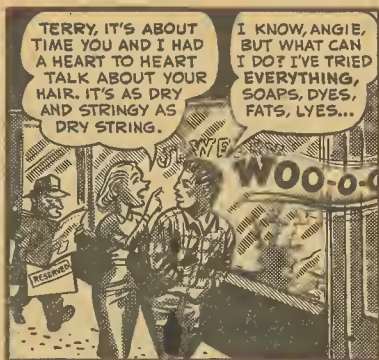
SWITCH TO WATERFRONT

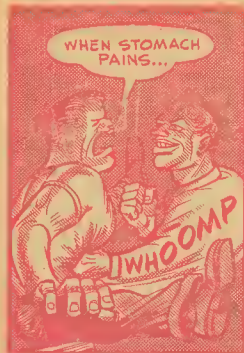
HAVE YOU EVER COUNTED THE NUMBER OF ADVERTISEMENTS YOU SEE AND HEAR IN A DAY? HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED HOW ADS AFFECT THE WAY YOU TALK? IT'S COME TO THE POINT WHERE YOU CAN'T GO FOR HALF AN HOUR WITHOUT RESTING YOUR EYE ON AN OFFER IN THE PAPERS, HEARING A JINGLE ON THE RADIO, OR WATCHING A BEER CAN ON TV. IF YOU ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GO FOR TWO HOURS STRAIGHT WITHOUT RUNNING INTO AN AD, YOUR BEST FRIEND IS BOUND TO WALK IN WHISTLING "BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH COLGATE," THAT ALL-AMERICAN CLASSIC. SO—IN FULL ACCEPTANCE OF THE POWER OF THE AD OVER OUR DAILY EXISTENCE, WE WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO A FILM LIKE "ON THE WATERFRONT" IF IT WERE MADE IN A FEW YEARS, WHEN THE HUMAN MECHANISM GIVES IN, AND THE ADS HAVE WON HANDS DOWN. WE PRESENT FOR YOUR PLEASURE...."SWITCH TO WATERFRONT!"

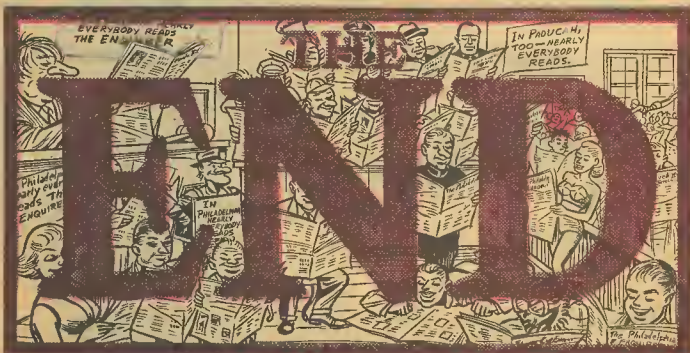
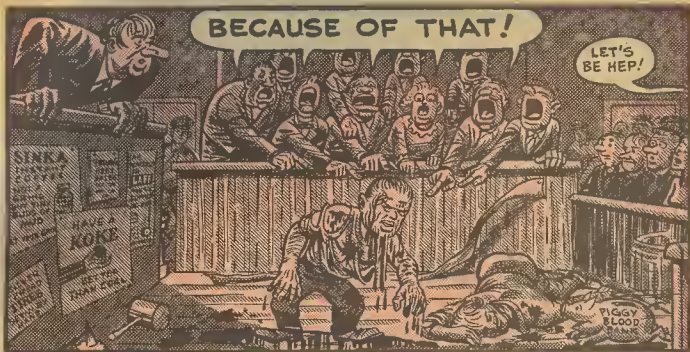












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JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN PINEAPPLE GROWERS ASSN.:

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222 Used Mother Hubbard's in girlish leotards. There's an awful lot of it, but the ragged latten edges make swell dsh tags. \$7.44

111 Stuprained glom-sui gown delatated in net with real false teeth that bite, and give quite a shock to any auv who gets too fresh. \$5.09

001 Sluiboopal, connected by heavy zipper wire to your favorite television set. Watch you swoon sweat, enjoyable lover, peer happily at his favorite sommersault. Will not bring in pigments. \$495.97

999 Split gaseonality — complete from quots feet to half-moon, this magnificent itection makes you semi-human. \$98.88

9999 Peekaboo spiked novel — If this doesn't keep a guy at aim's length, you might as well give in. \$9999.09

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femsdick

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1212DD

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1313 Giant's Tomb — In sambo shrouds this is divine to wear to a funeral or to a haunting party. It's positively ghastly. Designed to set off the worst features on an ugly face, singsters adore it. \$13.13

4466 Broadstares — For fat women — emphasize every one of these dear little sunies you worked so hard to gain. Feed merchants will love you in it when you go shopping. Tiy it onie. You're bound to be satisfied. \$94.99

3343

4466

Boudoir Bombshells

1313

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051

050 Long Johns — in two delicious colors, ketchup and mustard. These are a sacrifice at only \$1403 each.

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